



A Cucumber Grew!

A green cucumber grew where dews sweet nectar sent,
Wherein a garden old were odors redolent!
The sunlight kissed the vine, the earth its succor lent,
And breezes sang by day where moon-beam shafts were blent—
Thus this cucumber grew to girth of wondrous span;
'Twas plucked and sold at last to Mr. Dagoman.

The peddler peddled long and sold it to Jim Slack,
Who peeled and ate the "pick" with divers smile and smack—
'Twas then that pickle green began to hump its back!
It griped and bucked and growled, tried every wicked tack;
Rolled over and lay down, then bunched up like a rock,
'Til Jim he plumb collapsed as limber as his sock!

They called the doctor hence. He looked both wise and strong
To cope with pain and pang and every inward wrong.
He pumped Jim's insides out. It didn't take him long;
But Jim he gagged and died! His spirit joined the throng
Of those long gone before who now are hale and glad—
Upon his tomb we read this doleful message sad:

"A green cucumber grew where dews sweet nectar lent;
Jim ate it and now dwells in climes magnificent!"

Joshua's Appendicitis.

Joshua Fumbleberry, farmer, was born with a pain. Sometimes it was in his stomach and sometimes it was in his imagination, but it was ubiquitous.

Joshua was not one that suffered in silence, but was a devout apostle of the philosophy of King Crony in a paroxysm of gout—"Nature knows best and she says, 'roar!'"

"Land a-goshen, Joshua," complained his long enduring wife, "ye'll be havin' that there appendicitis in yer mind some day, and the doctor won't be able t' do a thing fur ye, cause he cain't operate on yer imagination and when ye git dead sot on it, nothin' but an operation'll ever git ye over it!"

"You wimmen folks talk too much," snarled Joshua hotly, "but I s'pose ye wouldn't be happy if ye didn't jam about so much wind er missee a revolution occasionally. When I'm sick, I'm sick, ain't I? Ye doan't s'pose I'm sick cuz I enjoy it, do ye?" That was the beginning.

"A man gits mighty little sympathy in this world," moaned Joshua at 10 p. m. two days later, when a sharp pain attacked him in the left side about three inches below and slightly back of his lower vest pocket.

Deliberately at first, then with accelerated rapidity, the truth rushed upon him. He had appendicitis!

"Go fer th' doctor, Mirandy! Go quick!" he bawled. "I've got it this time sure. Ef I should die," moaning, "afore ye git back, they's \$40 hid in the granary that ye didn't know about, an'," holding his hand clasped closely over the pain, "my will's made out and down t' Pikeville in th' office o' Squire Diggem—"

"But go! Go!" as Mirandy, her arms akimbo, stood immovable in an attitude of gathering defiance.

"Joshua Fumbleberry, ye ain't got no more appendicitis than I hev, an' I ain't goin' t' make no dark ride o' eight miles through mud and water to git ye a doctor when ye don't need none. I've been a good an' faithful wife ter ye and allus cared fer ye when ye wuz sick, but I'm through chasin' pill peddlers t' fix up yer imagination, so there!"

"So there" was accompanied by a determined stamp of the foot and Joshua knew the ultimatum was final, but his blood and his imagination were up. Besides, didn't he have appendicitis and wasn't he at that very moment a man marked for the cold and clammy silence of the grave?

"Mirandy Fumbleberry," Joshua

spoke intensely, "ef you don't git th' doctor fer me, afore midnight I'll die—er I'll git a divorce, an', an' I don't keer which?"

"Take yer choice, Joshua," retorted the wife stolidly. "Take yer choice!"

"Then—I'll—go—myself fer the doctor," he sobbed, jumping from the sofa and shuffling into his overcoat. "Ef I die ye'll be satisfied, but I ain't goin' t' die without a chance ter keep ye from spendin' my money yet awhile! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! gimme strength!" he beseeched as he feebly passed out into the dooryard toward the barn.

An hour later Doctor Phil Graves of Pike's Corners was aroused from his 11 o'clock snooze by a loud rapping.

"Come on out t' our house quick, Doc," shouted Fumbleberry through the closed door. "I'll order yer hosses hitched as I go past th' livery stable. They ain't no time t' lose!"

"Whose sick," queried Doctor Graves, in the weird light at the top of the stair case—but all he heard as feet clattered down the steps was:

"Out to Fumbleberry's, eight miles north!" and the rumbling of wheels as the caller hurried away in the darkness.

Muttering fervent anathemas upon his ill luck, Doctor Graves shuffled out of his pajamas and prepared a hasty toilet for a cold and cheerless ride over black and soggy roads.

Bespattered and benumbed, he reached the Fumbleberry home just as the kitchen clock struck the half hour after midnight.

"Who's sick?" he queried, entering the house and handing his coat to Mrs. Fumbleberry. "I thought it must be you. Got some company?"

"It's Joshua," lisped Mirandy, quietly. "He's goin' t' die!"

"Joshua?" shouted Dr. Graves. "Joshua? Why he drove in after me!"

"I know, doctor; I couldn't go," lamely. "He's got the appendicitis in his appendix and he can't live! He's in here. Come in!"

Buried in a heap of feathers, quilts and family overcoats lay Joshua Fumbleberry, shaking pitifully and groaning immoderately!

"Well, I'll be blamed!" gasped Doctor Graves, explosively.

"Turn over here. Let me get a look at you. Any pain here?" pressing the flesh over the appendix.

"No, doc, no! It's on th' tother side! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Appendicitis don't come on the left side, Mr. Fumbleberry. Let's—"

"It don't? It don't?" screamed the excited patient. "I thought it could come on both sides!"

"Both sides at once, eh?" growled the physician, continuing his examination.

"Mr. Fumbleberry," Doctor Graves was deliberately impressive as he held something aloft on the end of his pen-knife, "you've had a wood-tick on you, that's all!"

A surprised groan was the only interruption and the physician continued:

"Have your wife put a bandage about you to keep the blood off the linen, and then go to sleep. Good night!"

"Well, do tell, Mirandy," whimpered Joshua repentantly, "did ye ever know about that there appendix allus growin' on the right side? But yer glad ain't ye, Mirandy, thet I ain't dead—ain't ye?"

"Where did ye say that there money was hid in the granary, Joshua?" diplomatically. "I hain't had a new go-t-meetin' dress fer seven years," replied Mirandy meaningly.

"It's in a tin box in the corn sheller, Mirandy," sighed Joshua meekly. "Git a new dress, Mirandy! Git a new dress!"

And Mirandy did!

The city man longs for the dale and the dingle; the country man yearns for the noise and the bustle—and both, when permitted to visit the scenes of their longings, are disappointed. The picture is always most beautifully blended from a distance.

WOULD WORSHIP GREEK GODS.

London Man Asks for Funds to Erect a Temple.

It is only a paltry \$12,500 that Mar-yon, London's latest spiritual counselor, "The High Priest of the Winged Disc," wants the public to give him wherewith to spread his doctrine, and really somebody ought to come forward with the money, just as a contribution toward the gayety of nations.

The new "Apostle of Pantheism," as



Mar-yon Adoring His Winged Disc.

he otherwise calls himself, is the most picturesque thing in the propagandist line England has produced recently, and the temple that he wants to build for the worship of the old Greek gods, with a special tower for the accommodation of stray birds, ought to put Messiah Piggott's "Abode of Love" out of the running soon after it gets started.

Credulous Chicagoan.

Frank Gadomsky, of Chicago, swore out warrants for the arrest of Joseph Kozel, Martin Kozel and Frank Maronski, charging them with swindling him.

The alleged swindle, according to the complainant, was the result on his part of credulity and cupidity. The man says that he was made to believe that by carrying a hen for eight days and following a formula given him by the alleged confidence men he could cause a dollar to return to him again and again after he had spent it.

Gadomsky followed this advice, but no wealth came to him. Now he seeks the arrest of the three men and the return of money which he says he gave to them for their "secret."

Utah's Wonderful Natural Bridge.

There exists in San Juan county, Utah, three wonderful natural bridges. The largest of these bridges spans a canyon 335 feet and 7 inches from wall to wall, and is a splendid arch of solid sandstone, 60 feet thick in the central part and 40 feet wide.

Underneath it there is a clear opening 357 feet in perpendicular height. The accompanying cut, reproduced



Utah's Great Natural Bridge Compared with Capitol.

from the Century, shows the dimensions of this bridge as compared with the capitol at Washington.

The other two bridges, while of proportions somewhat less massive, are marvels of wonder and beauty. They have been seen, probably, by fewer than a dozen white men.

Rodents Froze to Death.

B. W. Adams of Plainfield, N. H., was throwing out hay from the bay recently, when he came across a nest that contained seventy-four rats and mice, which had evidently been frozen to death.

MAN'S FIGHT WITH BABOON.

Wounded Monster Very Nearly Overcomes Its Slayer.

The South African mail brings a thrilling tale of a fight to the death between a man and a giant baboon. Mr. Robert Heugh, proprietor of Kamech's Farm, Uitenhage, saw a baboon in his orchard, and shot him through the body at 300 yards. The animal was, however, able to get away, and was afterwards seen on the top of an adjoining hill, where he suddenly dropped. Thinking that he was dead, Mr. Heugh went after him with two terriers and a native. The dogs ran up to the supposed carcass, when the baboon suddenly rose, caught the unfortunate terriers, bit a large piece out of each, cast them from him with such violence as to kill them, and then made furiously for their master, tearing his arm open from shoulder to wrist. The native bolted, and the partially disabled white man was left alone to battle with the enraged baboon. Mr. Heugh is active and muscular, but his efforts to throttle his antagonist and to beat his face in with his fist were unavailing, and he was forced to the ground. Here, while desperately struggling, the man's hand came in contact with a large stone. This he seized, and with almost a last effort fractured the baboon's skull with it. When the body was measured it was found to be over five feet.—English Exchange.

Boy is Seven Feet High.

A European prodigy, known as "the long Josef," was born in Munich-Gladbach on April 15, 1888. At 12 years of age he was 6 feet 4 inches in height and is now 7 feet 1 inch. He is still



growing and no doubt will become the tallest man on earth. His family name is Schippers. His father is a butcher. At present he is the principal attraction at the Panopticon, Berlin. He was born of normal parents and is the eleventh child. The first ten have developed quite normally.

Was Too Tight a Fit.

On a wager of \$1 that he could put a billiard ball in his mouth, Joseph Johnson, residing on Stiles street, Philadelphia, a negro attendant in a poolroom, attempted the feat the other night. He made himself an "accident case" at St. Joseph's hospital a few minutes later, and the physicians worked over him for an hour. The negro slipped the ball into his mouth without difficulty. Trouble came when he tried to get it out. With the aid of pliers and rods the physicians succeeded in releasing the ball.

Pencils Were Not Cheap.

A fakir sold a lot of splendid looking lead pencils on the street at Indian Orchard the other evening at the astonishing price of eight for 10 cents. His customers grew angry the next day when they found that the lead only ran back about one-fourth of an inch from the end.